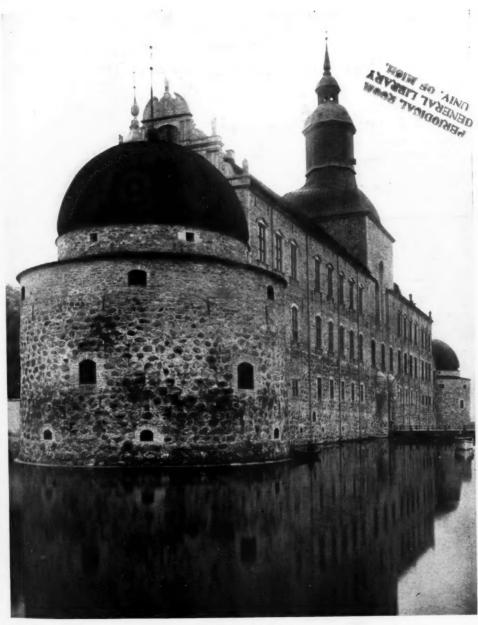
SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW



is

en

re

Vadstena Castle

TRAVEL IN THE NORTH

F and erat vou pop Her Osl ries is h

göt pro tim pro vol

BARBRA RING, author of novels, plays, and short stories for the mature generation, and of books favored by the younger generation, is one of the most popular of Norway's writers of to-day. Her home for many years has been in Oslo and her description of the city carries with it her own enthusiasm. This is her first contribution to the REVIEW.

BERIT Spong's poetic essay on Östergötland is the fourth of our series on the provinces of Sweden. It is not the first time she has written about her native province, for in 1926 she brought out a volume of short stories, I Östergyllen,

portraying the people and the fertile landscapes of that province. Her poetry, as in the volume Högsal och Örtagård (Court and Garden) is said to have unusual popularity in Sweden.

BARON PALLE ROSENKRANTZ inherits a deep family interest in the lovely castles and manorial estates of Denmark. His family name, thanks to Shakespeare, is known to the whole literary world; and his own writings, too many to list. are thoroughly known to Danes. He is a lawyer by profession but has been Editor of The Mask, a theatrical journal, and Associate Editor of Danish Manors.

LIFE ASSOCIATES

^\$96}KX'6}KX\$96}KX\$96}KX\$96\$KX\$96\$KX\$96\$KX\$96\$KX\$9

Endowers of the Foundation

OST of our Associates are, we find, Associates for life. They do not give up their membership in the Foundation. Each January when their annual dues are payable they renew their part in the Foundation, and the REVIEW goes to them uninterruptedly.

But a few of our Associates are more than Associates for life paying annual dues. They are Life Associates. By one payment of two hundred dollars they have relieved themselves of the annual payment of dues. Each year of their lives, they receive the REVIEW and the books as they are issued.

And this is even more significant—they, as Life Associates, are endowers of the Foundation. The payment of a Life Associate goes into our endowment and becomes a part of our permanent fund.

The Trustees of the Foundation consider the enrollment of Life Associates to be the best method of increasing the endowment of the Foundation. They believe that many of our Annual Associates will welcome an opportunity to become Life Associates. They invite each reader of the REVIEW to become a Life Associate of the Foun-

These are the forms of membership in the Foundation:

Life Associates, \$200, one payment Receiving all publications

Sustaining Associates, \$10.00 annually Receiving the REVIEW and CLASSICS Regular Associates, \$3.00 annually

Receiving the REVIEW





Photograph by Wardener

with arm fjo ba Jo we pa na wi

th fo to ac H

ti w h w

ABEL'S MONUMENT BY GUSTAV VIGELAND, WITH THE PALACE IN THE DISTANCE

THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW

VOLUME XVI

MARCH, 1928

NUMBER 3

Oslo

By BARBRA RING

SLO might have been the most beautiful city in the world if it had not been wrongly laid out, say its citizens. What one says, thousands repeat without thinking—and it is easy and agreeable to put the blame upon those who are not present and able to take up the battle.

They are right in so far that a city should face out toward the sea with broad avenues and open plazas, welcoming the visitor with open arms. Oslo does not do this; its principal street runs crosswise of the fjord and the harbor, as if barring the way. But those who talk of bad planning forget that two hundred years ago this street, Karl Johan, was a country highway, giving entrance to the city from the west, and that it has developed itself into a street, so that when the palace was to be built in the middle of the past century, it was quite natural to place it at the end of this street upon the beautiful hill whence one can see to all quarters of the city.

When the Danish King Christian IV in 1624 "laid out" the town, that is to say, commanded that it should be built up around Akershus fortress, there was certainly no one who gave a thought to how it was to be placed in the landscape. The town was simply to be moved across the "vik," or inlet, from the old Norwegian Oslo, Harald Haardraade's town, the town of monasteries and old churches, to Akerstang. It was to become Danish and bear the King's name, Christiania.

On the wave of nationalism which now makes itself felt in all directions, Norway has abolished that period of its history which it least wishes to remember—the period of Danish rule, which during four hundred years obliterated the Norwegian nobility and the old Norwegian laws and customs, but which also gave the country an unquestionably valuable influx of spiritual culture. The capital now



Photograph by Wardenær Karl Johan from the Parliament Building

bears the name Oslo, but that part of the city to which this name rightly belongs, the old part under the Ekeberg ridge and the Ryen Mountains to the east, has of necessity also been rechristened and is now called simply "the old town." But Oslo does not impress one



Norwegian Government Railways
Across the Park to the Parliament

as being the old city that it is; it still carries on a battle with itself as to whether it shall be a great village or a small metropolis.

—We are just about to adorn ourselves with a subway. — Too late it has dawned on the city that it has obliterated its own footprints.

The monuments from Oslo's past are soon named. First there is Akershus castle, old



Photograph by Wardenær The Royal Palace at the Head of Karl Johan

and gray as Ibsen has sung of it, and standing guard over the city, when one comes by sea—and it is from the fjord that the stranger should approach Oslo, by a ship which glides hour after hour between

islands clad with blueblack spruce, and between flat emeraldgreen islets and distant blue mountain ridges, past "huts and houses but no castles." If one comes to Norway's capital on a summer day, it looks from the harbor like an open jewel case overturned on the most beautiful spot the earth can show. Whether the houses are beautiful or hideous matters not, for

ne

en

nd

ne

ar-

it-

it

ge

lis.

to

n a

it

ity

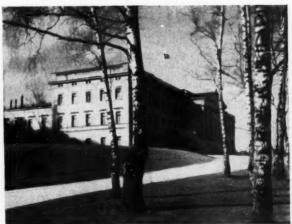
ted

ts

are

ere

old



Photograph by Wardenær
A Corner of the Palace



Photograph by Wardener

THE OLD FORTRESS OF AKERSHUS

the sun sparkles in their light colors and glitters like a diadem of precious stones in the castle's long rows of windows high over them in its green park, and back of the city rise the black ridges, Holmen-



Photograph by Wardenær
The Walls of Akershus

kollen. Voksenkollen. Grefsen with its sanatoria, which at the time of the great ski tournament in February are overfilled with sport enthusiasts from all parts of the world. Akershus has in recent years been restored, and although I agree with Ruskin that one age can never attain complete understanding of another, so that the problem is to preO S L O 145

serve, not to restore, nevertheless we are thankful for that which now is being kept in repair and excavated. We hope that Akershus is to become the city's festival centre—at least until we shall have built our town hall, the placing of which with its approaches will give the

city an opening toward the sea.

Of old buildings in the original city of Oslo we have a few ecclesiastical edifices; we are now excavating some monastery ruins there. Remains of an old monastery are found also on the beautiful military property Hovedöen (Chief, or Principal Island), in the middle of the harbor. For the rest there are only some scattered private residences and a church, Old Aker, remaining from Oslo's past. On the other hand the city has until recently housed a treasure of the past to which few countries can show an equal—the thousand-year-old viking ships. A few months ago, because of the danger from fire, these were removed to the beautiful little peninsula, Bygdö, where the King has his summer residence, Kongsgaarden. But the treasures of the Oseberg Queen, carriages, household utensils, and weav-

ings, which were buried with her in the ship most recently excavated, are still within the city limits in the Historical Museum, where they attract multitudes of tourists.

of

in

n,

a-

ne

a-

re

ort

all

ld.

nt

ed,

ee

ne

in

id-

nat

re-

And while I am on the subject of museums — the city has many and excellent ones. such as the Töien Museums. botanical, zoological, mineralogical, and numismatic collections, all belonging to the University. But directly facing the Historical Museum, on the opposite side of the "Play ground," as Tullinlökken was called during my childhood, before all the parks had their playgrounds for children, is Oslo's Art Museum, created



Norwegian Government Railways
Within Akershus

by its excellent director, Jens Thiis. It has a good collection of modern French art and some older works by world masters, and it follows the lines of Danish and Swedish art; but first and foremost it gives a broad view of our national art unsurpassed by any other country. The foundation stones are our two greatest geniuses in art, now known over the whole of Europe, the painter Edvard Munch and the sculptor Gustav Vigeland. Each of them has set his mark upon the city. Munch has decorated the colossal wall spaces of the university's new Aula, our most important concert hall, where the brave Philharmonic Society under its energetic president, Nobel-Roede, battles for the cause of good music. Daily during the season we have concerts featuring the greatest names in music, for Oslo is a good musical city and wishes to know the best that foreign lands can offer. Our own composers, Grieg, Sinding, Ole Bull, are of course well enough known, but we have also young composers and interpreters who are worthy to follow in their footsteps.

"Such colors only a Norseman could paint," said a foreign art critic recently of Munch's Aula. These paintings are indeed a world of beauty, even though an antiquated conception of art may find them to be too modern. They are like a sunrise among the mountains of Norway. His themes are various: a primitive landscape where a blind old man relates history to a child; Mother Earth, with her naked children, playing on the seashore; and other lesser subjects. The hall is one of the sights of our city. The old Aula also, under the cultured, art-loving Rector Stang of the University, has now been restored to

its original beautiful state in the Pompeian style.

But it will be Gustav Vigeland who, more than any one else, will set his stamp upon Oslo. In his case the unusual thing has happened, that a genius has been acknowledged by his contemporaries early enough, so that he is able to continue his work in livable circumstances. The Museum and statues on our plazas already show his gi-



Photograph by Vaering

HISTORY, ONE OF MUNCH'S MURALS IN THE AULA

OSLO

y es d et II

ynte

s. td n of d

d

ll d,

0

y



Courtesy Norwegian Government Railways
Where Vigeland Works. The Studio and Museum Erected for Him by the City of Oslo

gantic art, but his chief work will be the fountain to be erected on Törtberg, near the beautiful Frogner Park, where the city has built for him an atelier and museum. A forest of bronze trees where human life riots, thirty-six heroic groups in granite, and a towering monolith hewn from a single rock—it will take six years for the stonecutters to complete it—an entire park in stone with waterfalls and cascades—this will proclaim to all ages that our time understood how to value a great and mighty art such as arises only at intervals of centuries. These two names, Vigeland and Munch, will for all time assure Norway a first rank among nations. Art and Nature, these are what Norway has and can with pride offer her guests.

And then there is sport. Come and see Norway's capital on a winter Sunday when all the fields and mountain ridges are snowed under, when the giant spruces bend their backs under their white burdens—then the city is virtually deserted. But over the region round about, old and young, men and women on skis, swarm like ants. We begin at the age of four, and at eighty we still continue, though not exactly with the most neck-breaking jumps and leaps. But then, the youth of our country is possessed of a resilience, a strength, and a health equalled by none. Such loss in bookish culture as this outdoor life causes—as it self-evidently must, since so long as the snow lies every leisure hour, every evening, is spent out of doors—is made up



Norwegian Government Railways
CROWN PRINCE OLAY ON SKIS

in the health of the people. Other sports also, besides this ancient Norse ski sport, are followed with passion by Oslo's old and youngfootball, tennis, and track sports. We have long had our Stadium and our athletic field. Last year our golf course was established at Etterstad, and when the f jord is frozen over there is horse racing on the ice. But Oslo does also

what it can for the spiritual growth of its youth. Public libraries are established round and about in the city.

Our National Theatre, which carries on a desperate struggle in competition with operettas, revues and a growing multitude of giant motion picture houses, gives inexpensive performances for students and members of The People's House. A private enterprise, the Central Theatre, also carries on bravely, but Oslo is not a good theatre town, in spite of splendid productions and a host of actors whose superiors are not to be found on any foreign stage. And yet, two new theatres are to be built. An old Norwegian saying has it: "If you have a collar you will get a cow." Let us hope that the public will conduct itself like a good cow, so far as the theatre is concerned, so that in this respect Oslo will be a new city.



Norwegian Government Railways

A Modern Valkyrie on Skis

Twenty or thirty years ago there were not many inhabitants of Oslo who could give the city as their birthplace, it has so rapidly become centralized. with contingents from all parts of the country, and especially during the war years there was a real invasion from the smaller cities; even now there is a great housing famine, in spite of the rapid building of barracks and villa suburbs—but no true Oslo dweller wants to live really in the city. He prefers to live higher up and further out, and to have a little garden to putter about in after his day's work is done.

One may follow the city's development in its royal dwellings. When something over a hundred years ago we got a Swedish King we received him and housed him in the old patrician house in the city, down near the harbor. the Palace. with Bygdö Kongsgaard as a rural residence. Fifty years later the palace on Karl Johan's Street built and the doll's palace, Oscarshal, on Bygdö. Now we have given our

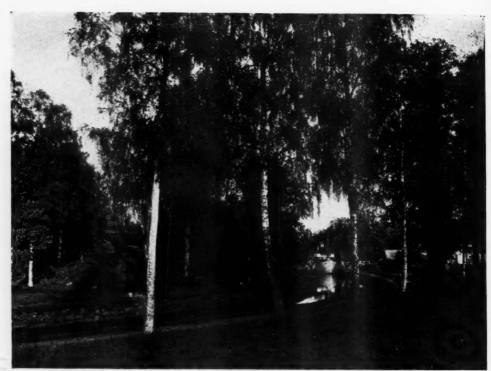


Courtesy Norwegian Government Railways
In the Palace Park

popular King and Queen, a Danish prince and an English princess, a sport residence on the top of Voksenkollen. But Crown Prince Olav, the most Norwegian of all Norwegian sportsmen, has as yet no other personal residence than his skiing hut on the mountain in Sikkilsdalen and his sailor's hut on Stjerneöen between Bergen and Stavanger—and these every independent Norwegian soon acquires.

First and last, the word one must use in speaking of Oslo is that it is a young city. Youth reigns there; not literally in the Storting but in the streets and parks, at cafes, in street cars and railway trains.

When one lives among strangers, even if one has voluntarily chosen another so-called fatherland and loves it, one feels a tremor in the heart when one thinks of Oslo under the spring sun and the lofty turquoise-blue sky, or at Christmas time under new-fallen snow, when every sound is muffled and the starry night shivers over high, dark houses and naked black trees. And one whispers softly, as if it were a holy name: "My city—Mine."



Swedish State Railways

A HIGHWAY OF WATER, THE GÖTA CANAL

Östergötland

By BERIT SPONG

STERGYLLEN, the folk name of the province of Östergötland, in itself suggests to the Swede a golden quality, something of the opulence, the genial prosperity and royal content of the little province. Implied therein lies all that our Viking ancestors dreamed of and sought with dauntless courage to make their own. Few indeed are those men of Sweden for whom the name does not bring to mind pictures of broad, billowing, gold-green meadows, a calm and restful country without surprises, lying confident in its sunny security. To their minds there frequently recurs the word of the ancients, "Östgöte, Praise be to God!"

But Östergötland is representative of more than fruitful plains productive of rich harvests, for about three-quarters of the territory is not cultivated, and from north and south vast tracts of woodland crowd in toward the plains. If the territory could be viewed in a single glance it might be seen to resemble a somber vestment, divided by a wide golden belt, upon which the lakes of Boren, Roxen, and

Glan glisten like deep-hued aquamarines, and where Vättern hangs like a mighty sword, forged and chased by a giant workman of the ancient gods. In Östergötland therefore we are to find revealed far

more than its superficial aspect of sunny calm.

From Motala, the stream which binds together these lakes, up toward the boundary line to Närke in the extreme northwest, extends the dark forest of Tylö. Over it there is brooding still the spirit of the desert waste, and there are yet wafted the shadows of the dread secrets which one time lurked about the narrow footpath leading between Örebro and Skenninge, forcing all wayfarers upon their knees as they commended their lives into the keeping of gentle saints in the tiny wayside chapels. For here, free as the birds of the air, among the deep thickets and rugged cliffs, ruthless evaders of the law, fearful of the light, yet ever mindful of the value of gold and precious ornament, sought to escape their punishment on gallows or wheel.

Like an oasis, secure within this desert of horrors lay the Cape of Midia, a name which means literally, "in the midst of the woods," where the weary travellers found food and lodging prepared by the hand of kindly monks. It yet remains a place of sweet repose, the health resort of Medevi, an old idyl which has been kept peculiarly untouched, retaining all the charm of the nineteenth century when it was

the favorite meeting place of the aristocracy.

f

After leaving Medevi, if one follows the shores of Vättern along to the south, one comes to the classic tourist village of Östergötland, to the province of Birger Jarl, the great lawgiver, and to the city of Saint Birgitta. This district may well be called Östergötland's mosaic of memory. It is a land of proud ruins and age-old sagas, in whose earth have lain buried the most ancient historical records of Sweden, now unearthed for the new generation. Four thousand years of Swedish culture there reveal their secrets to him who can see and understand. He who loves not the ancient memories and the softly echoed legends must still enjoy the soughing of the winds and the cool freshness of Omberg's mighty forest; and he who cannot know the transport of the clear blue regions of the saga must none the less be charmed with the smiling summer heaven which here lies mirrored in the beautiful waters of Vättern, clear and transparent as limpid mountain streams.

As the road extends down to the Motala stream, leading past the shaded village of Motala, long unknown and least significant of Östergötland's cities, now familiar to all Europe as Sweden's great radio-distributing station, there opens before us fair plains with outlying estates glimpsed through orchards and long lanes of linden trees. From every little knoll rising from the plain the traveller may count several gleaming white church spires, and as he counts them he may be very sure that among them there is the one beside whose spring



THE TOWN HALL OF MOTALA

Birgitta once rested during her journey to the cloister in Vadstena, or the turret chamber where one night she slept, or perhaps the stone from which she mounted her stirrup.

Where in ancient times the bridle paths of the plains extended down to the Vättern Strand, merging with Västergötland's great water-

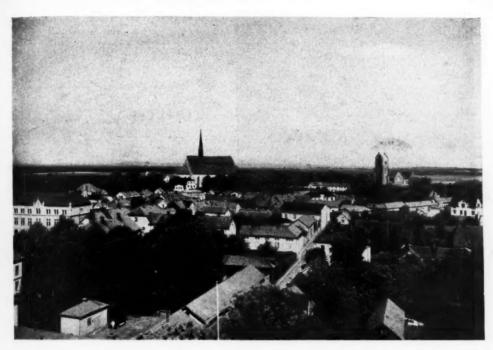
way, there lay in the dawn of our history the vast estate which bore the name of "Stone Mansion by the Waterside." It was a castle, a stronghold of kings and people around which there soon grew a little village, with a church dedicated to St. Peter, the merchant's patron saint. Its tower still rises protectingly over the umbrageous tree tops and the small town houses, and for the sake of its mighty red stepgables it bears, in the vernacular of the common people, the name of the "red church."

But in the year 1368 there came from Rome a messenger to Vadstena, whose message forms the turning point in its history, for he brought with him Birgitta's directions to build a cloister in a sheltered recess beside Vättern. A few years afterward the sacred order within was confirmed by the Holy Father. At that time a little village had



CHEST IN WHICH ST. BIRGITTA'S BODY WAS BROUGHT FROM ROME

grown about the cloister as laborers and merchants, seeking to provide for themselves the necessities of life, began to build their homes there. But Birgitta was never permitted to see her work completed. She died in Rome and her name became there inscribed in the golden Book of the Saints. Her remains were brought to Vadstena and very soon it was rumored that miracles and signs occurred at her grave.



VADSTENA

Now followed a time of utmost importance for the city. In a steady stream through the narrow gates there came pilgrims with staves and lanterns in their hands and sunfaded spirals on their helmets, princes and barons with their brilliant following, bishops and prelates who had their homes in the city; and hither came also the king when in royal progress he rode his circuit of state. In the house of the Holy Ghost

the poor, the aged and the homeless found refuge; and to-day, as then, it lies within the great city gate, its medieval walls partially concealed under a coat of white plaster. The same condition may be found everywhere in Vadstena — one must look closely at the houses in order to properly estimate their age; yet some may be found preserved in

e

f

e

d

r

r-

le

n

es

as

ee

1e

er

n-

en

er

to

m

at

C-

e.



THE HOUSE OF MARTEN SKINNARE



Swedish State Railways
At the Moat of Vadstena Castle

their original state, as, near the sea, there lies the house of Mårten Skinnare, one of the most noteworthy private estates which remains from the Middle Ages.

Over the buildings of the stronghold there rose, then as now, a cloistered church sometimes called the Blue Church because it is built of limestone of a bluish cast. Its lines are simple, almost completely geometrical, according to Birgitta's own building plan. Beneath its stone floor sleep queens and nobles-vet priests no longer wait beside the five tiny niches in the choir wall for the confessions of the nuns, no little novice now steps surreptitiously out of the door as if she would only once more

transgress the bounds—then death; long lines of pilgrims no longer wait upon their knees in the white sand before the "Portal of the Forgiveness of Sin." The walls of the cloister are crumbling in ruins, but in the orchard of the monks the pear trees are blooming, and there are gathered the cloister lilies of Saint Brita to adorn the prayer chamber of Birgitta, which give forth their fragrance before the bier upon which she was borne, over the Alps, toward her home.

Two buildings give to Vadstena its character and two silhouettes retain its token—the cloister church and the castle. Gustaf Vasa's castle, which after the Reformation was made successor to the power and glory of the cloister, is Sweden's most beautiful Renaissance building, massive and imposing in general design, exquisite and noble in detail. Opposite the stern and simple cloister church it stands, this secular building, an expression of festivity, fantasy, and joyous beauty. The halls, now barren, have at one time reechoed to the strains of the viol played for royal weddings; before the mighty fire-places in the underground kitchen, whole oxen have revolved upon the spit; within, the walls have resounded the cries of the watchmen; and ladders of silken fibre have been suspended from milady's chamber, while the moon shone upon the black moat below.

A city of soft moonlight interfused with memories. Over Vättern there ever plays a tremulous bridge of moonbeams, a path upon which,

it is said, Birgitta sometimes returns to the city over which her spirit seems in truth never to have ceased its tender vigilance. In the great hospitals of the city, troubled spirits and disease-racked bodies may still find relief; and behind gleaming window panes the industry of the nuns of the ancient days still lives in the quick hands which ply the flying shuttles as they weave the far-famed Vadstena laces. It has been said of Vadstena that within the cadence of its name may be heard the reverberations of sacred temple, council hall, and magnificent city of kings. Its intonations return to us now, as the low clear notes of a vesper bell, through the mists and shadows of days gone by.

he

r-

st

es

lle

he

as

e-

ch

ne

re-

it-

th

nd ger

nes on-

tle

ti-

if

re

ger

the

ns,

ere ver

the

tes

a's

ver

nce

ble

his

ous

the

re-

on en;

ım-

ern

ich,



Photograph by Samuelson
Red Gable Grotto on Lake Vättern

But one who follows the road to the distant purple Omberg finds himself still further in the land of yesterday—the village of the giant Queen Omma, a worthy citadel. Children to-day no longer believe that the summer mist on the mountain top may be the smoke issuing from the cauldron of the giant queen. The age-old reverence for the mighty powers within the mountains has now lost its hold, yet every Pentecostal season finds a train of people passing up the mountain side to partake of the festivities on the steeps—who knows but that this ceremony has its roots deeply embedded in the rites of darkest heathendom.

On the side toward Vättern the mountain with its rugged cliffs and deep grottoes, which have received their names from the fantastic folk lore of the region, plunges abruptly into the sea. One is at a loss to know which of the two magnificent views from this mountain he should admire the more; that over the blue green waters of Vättern, so clear that the bottom may be seen at a depth of ten meters, where the isle of Visingsö sails outward as a long narrow ship afloat, and illusion casts its mystic spell; or the countryside where, in the rich tracts of Alvastra and Tåkern, the sea gulls take their fling and the snipe breed their young on the reed grown shore, and flocks of silver swans steer their course. The first scene has more appeal for the eye



THE RÖK STONE

of the stranger; to appreciate the latter one ought himself to enter the valley and become a part of the scene. It is certain no one of Swedish heritage who has an appreciation for the historical can here escape the feeling that he is standing upon holy ground.

di

0

he

tl

th

C

Here about 2500 B. C. there stood a little village upon pilework, of the type well known from Switzerland and the sections of middle Europe. In the center of a great swamp it lay, protected from the enemy by the surrounding treacherous mire, while for friends there were laid out narrow bridges leading to solid ground. On a great common floor resting upon the deeply driven piles, the hearth stones lie black and charred.

In the lowlands not far from the village lies a burial place dating from the time of the bronze age where may be found many hundred urns containing the ashes of the dead, and occasionally a skeleton preserved in its entirety with sword and shield by its side. In one of the parishes near by stands the familiar "Rök Stone" upon which there is inscribed the world's greatest treasure of runes, whose meaning in spite of persevering attempts at interpretation still remains an unsolved mystery. It is a monument raised by a father to his son, a young Viking who died far from his homeland, and was not permitted to lie in the land of his fathers.

We now take a step forward in time. Close to the mountain steeps lie the ruins of the cloister of Alvastra, a place representative of the beauty-loving Cistercians, as if the landscape still bears the marks of their love for the flower-gardens and fruit trees. About the ruins mouldering into dust merciful vines with clinging tendrils have stolen upward along the walls, framing the remaining portions of the gables with their beautiful windows.

The cloister was founded in the beginning of the 12th century by the queen of Sverker the Elder, as a penance for past misdeeds. The plot of the royal manor, her bridal gift, may still be recognized from the steeps on the western side of the cloister. It was presumably an ancestral estate for the House of Sverker, first of that Östergötland line out of which came the chiefs who were to lead the Goths to battle against the Svear, before Sweden became united under a king. The site could not have been better chosen. Behind the castle stood Omberg as a mighty wall to the north; on all other sides the view was open revealing waves glittering in the sunshine, smiling plains, undulating meadows, and grey spires of the ancient Christian churches. Once more echoes of the legends return to us and they center about the tragic death of Sverker the Elder, who had been murdered by his groom on a Christmas morning as he was preparing to go to the "Julotta" service in West Tollstad's church. King Sverker came to be regarded as a local saint and down by the strand there was a chapel erected to his memory. There the walls remain standing to-day, man-high, and the stones at one portal are smooth, polished by those who ages since sought here to partake of the healing power of the sacred shrine.

A few minutes distant there may be seen another shrine, the resort of pilgrims of our own time, from near and far. It is Ellen Key's villa Strand. Now appears no more the silvered head beneath the trees of the apple orchard, nor is she longer seen in the paths of the surrounding country where once she took her afternoon promenade with her great Newfoundland dog as her companion. The white house in which she lived, through her bequest has been turned into a refuge for women who have toiled with hand and brain.

South of Alvastra, the forests rise again toward the horizon. It is the grim Hola Wood which guards the border toward Småland. Because of its picturesque beauty the road we now travel has received the name of the "Riviera of the Northland." It follows close to the shores of the Vättern and reaches to the little city of Skenninge. With the word "Skenninge" we have once more named an old town rich in

memories. In age it can compete with Vadstena and in the old records it is named as "Göthaland's Capital."

n

0

e

n

.

e v,

y

IS

e

es

a

n

h

ed

e-

is

in

n-

ed

ps

he

of

ns

en

es

by

he

m

an

nd

It has been said that as Vineta once sank into the ocean so Skenninge has sunk into the earth. Under its quiet streets, in undisturbed slumber lie the foundations of cloisters and the walls of ancient churches; while above, the modern city, scarce



RUINS OF ALVASTRA CLOISTER

half awake, lies secure although unprotected by any wall save that of the grain in the harvest field, the very fields in which at one time Birger Jarl harvested his grain. Only at the time of Market Days in August does the city awaken from its lethargy. Then are gathered together people from all the surrounding country and the streets are filled with the worthy Östgöta peasantry who come to exchange their wares; with young women wearing their jaunty hats and old women in black kerchiefs; with the perennial lovers who at "Skenninge Marken" buy gifts for one another, counting their troth from that day. But rarely do strangers find their way to Skenninge. For the most part they come across the Vättern, remain for a time in Vadstena, then on the little white canal boat they continue their journey through Östergötland, to the west.

Göta canal, constructed in the beginning of the 19th century is one of the principal and best known of tourist routes. A trip on this canal provides a kind of cross section of Swedish landscape equally charming during the golden green of the Springtime as when the Autumn purple mirrors itself in the undulations of the waves below. Let us follow one of the majestically forward gliding boats and view the swiftly moving panorama—for that is the advantage of imaginative travel, we are not too closely bound to the reed chairs upon the deck.

After having passed over Vättern and through Motala harbor we see on the shady banks of the canal the grave of Baltzar von Platen. He was the creator of the waterway on which we travel and the founder of the Motala laboratory nearby, the oldest mechanical laboratory in Sweden and still one of its leading industrial plants. This spot he had chosen as his last resting place, "by the waves he hath created, by the shore he hath builded." Slowly, then, the boat sinks through the locks down to Boren which, below, opens directly to the West.



ADMIRAL VON PLATEN'S GRAVE

On the headland may be seen Ulfasa, celebrated in legend, which presumably is named after Ulf Gudmarsson, the husband of the saintly Birgitta. Here she had lived as the efficient housewife, previous to the time when she took upon herself the mantle of holy orders, and penned her records of her sacred revelations. For a moment we find

cl

th

tl

h

ourselves within the circle of her memory, but with spirited bounds Motala stream leaps forward through Boren and the steadily flowing canal follows the course of the stream, bearing us into regions where

other names and other sages prevail.

e

n

t

l,

ıl

1-

n

IS

e

e

ζ.

re

n.

ne al

ne at

y

ly

e-

ch

ed

n,

he

re

fi-

71-

he

he

rs,

ds

ns.

To the south, again, the churches raise their spires to the skies, and foremost among them is the cloistered church of Vreta. Every period has recorded the individualities of its style and taste upon these walls, and even in the interior one may follow the historical record from earliest times until now. During these latter years it has been restored in an admirable way. Even the ground walls of the nearby cloisters, the floor and crypt have been brought to light and over the place where the beautiful intersecting aisles one day extended their shadows, there a pergola now bends low with roses. A single house remains intact, a mighty limestone building which presumably was once the store house of the cloister. In the 12th century the cloister was erected by the House of Sverker while the oldest part of the church may be dated even earlier. Originally it was one of the early Swedish parish churches but since this did not afford the nuns the required separation from peasant and priest an addition to the building was made. Conflagrations which occurred later have made necessary further reconstruction and thus has arisen that rich composite architectural type so rarely found in a Swedish countryside. Nearby may be found many mortuary chapels. The first of these to be remarked is one set apart for the clan of Douglas, the walls adorned by elaborate insignia, muskets inlaid with gold, and spurs of silver. There is the chapel of the aged Ragvald Knaphövde which dates back to the time of the very earliest portions of the church. It is wonderfully impressive merely to enter this unique circular little chapel, the interior of its cupola covered with classic Roman paintings while the floor slabs

cover sepulchres of the earliest Christian times.

These graves recently have been opened and it is believed that among the dead has been identified the much berated Ulfhild, the evil princess who through three marriage contracts brought her family to war, and even in her own hand held poisoned cup and poinard. Most of the skeletons which have been disinterred



GRAIN FIELDS AND VRETA CLOISTER CHURCH



Photograph by Samuelson

VRETA CLOISTER CHURCH

are of unusual length, 77 to 80 inches, and a lock of hair which was found was of a light blond color. What a race of kings they must have been! Tall, blueyed, and fair. Perhaps even now in the veins of the strong peasant sons of Roxen there flows the blood of the Viking kings.

Now farther away against the horizon, unconcealed by wood or crag, may be seen the roofs of other dwellings, chimney tops, church spires—a town. It is Linköping, the capital of the province, and we

must now leave the canal to pay the town a visit.

Out of the settlement which arose on the site where the Närke road, leading from the summit of the ridge, intersects one of the rivers of the plain, at the point where of old the province held its courts of jurisdiction, there developed in those early days Lionga Köping, or Linköping. All roadways of the province met there; they were paved with stone and were called streets, and at their point of intersection came to be the market square in which the courthouse still holds its ancient prestige. Already toward the close of the 11th century the place had become sufficiently important to be named the Bishop's See. However the bishop and governor of the province of Linköping could credit themselves with a rich and unusual official record there was yet need in one of the bishoprics for a cathedral, which was

eventually begun during the first half of the 12th century. This mighty temple was built during the Middle Ages and now stands as one of the most remarkable monuments of our country. The interior is most impressive in its wealth of figures placed in the slender niches, the stately pillars among which every pair are similar but differ from the others, the galleries of Gothic design ornamented with fanciful detail of flowers and angel heads, inspiring and directing the spirit to worship and reverence. At the main portal. magnificently adorned with images portraying the life of

S

e

r

h

e

d,

of

r

ed

n

ts

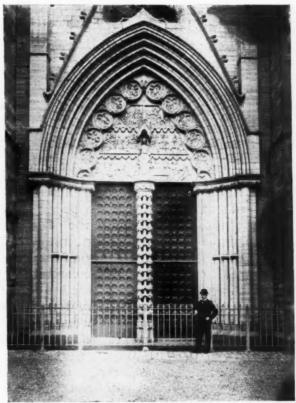
he

's

ng

re

as



Photograph by Rydahi
Portal of Linköping Cathedral

Christ, our attention is arrested. During the whole of that time under the genius and industry which is here represented, the city developed its character of calm and received its spiritual culture. Here were builded the bishop's manse, cloisters for the Franciscans, schools and libraries. These libraries have been constantly augmented by donations down to modern times.

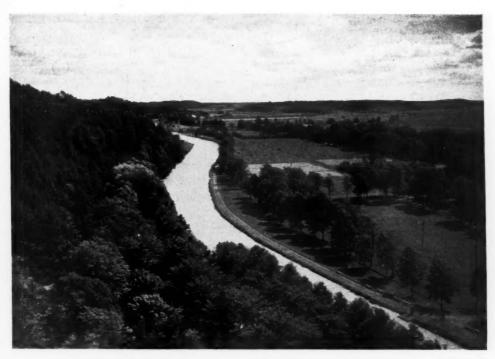
Linköping is now, from the standpoint of culture, the leading city of the province. A noble and vital spirit distinguishes it and worthily carries on the traditions which are closely associated with the exalted positions of church and state. Linköping lies about in the center of Östergötland, at the point of its greatest extension north and south, and in the heart of the Roxen plain which merges little by little with the southern wooded district. The light is first broken by separate dark strands interwoven as wide gleaming streams meander through oak groves and leafy bowers which border the numerous manors and parks. There is a lyric beauty in the landscape in contrast to the epic breadth which seems to come forth from the eternal undulating waves of the quiet plains.

But to the south near the lakes of Sommen and Asunden the landscape abruptly changes its aspect as the gnarled and crusty Småland rears its head; the woods deepen and heaps of rough stones appear in the meadows, while the blue of the mountain streams borders the horizon. Here awakes anew the desolate spirit of the wasteland; here flourish again legends of ghosts and derisive spirits. Here mighty women of the giant tribes have flung great boulders in protest against the call of cathedral chimes; here is the mountain of Springer on whose summit, within the memory of man, the youth of the village have gathered for contest; here prosperous gentry, mindful of traditions allow their grooms to achieve the honors in feats of daring; here is the pass between menacing boulders, called "Gate of Hell," which no one except in dire necessity, passes in the dark. And finally there is the mountain of Ur, where the beast of Ur, a descendent of Audhumbla of the Edda song is kept in captivity. A great pelt is provided her for food from which she is allowed a single hair on each Christmas eve. When all the hairs are consumed her bondage will be broken. Then will she rage and devastate the entire province, all of Östergötland—yea, the whole world, for that will be the Day of Judgment.

But we return to our canal boat and continue our way to the east. At the source of the Roxen, the stream and the canal divide and go their separate way out to Östersjön, the former continuing northward until it becomes one with Bråviken, and the latter flowing into Slätbaken, the most southerly of Östergötland's larger bays. If we follow the canal we come to Söderköping, while if we take the road which follows the stream we arrive at Norrköping. For the present we will

take the pathway of the canal.

In the little stream which flows through Söderköping there was found, recently, a large, beautiful bunch of keys, many of which were dated in the middle of the tenth century. We may assume that even at that time there might be found people who had many locks to close and goods and commodities to be protected. But only since the time when the Folkungs, that mighty Östergötland dynasty which brought our province from lowly insignificance to greatness, took Sweden's destiny into their hands, has the development of the city begun in earnest, until finally in the year 1400 it is named with Stockholm and Kalmar as one of the main commercial cities of the country. Entry from the side of Östersjön was protected by the fortress of Stäkeborg, the ruins of which still look out menacingly over the waters, serving to direct the thoughts to the old castles of the knights, on the Rhine. But the most insidious danger of all, from which no fortress offered protection, was the blocking with silt, which came as a result of the rise of the surrounding country. Little by little Norrköping gained the advantage until it has outdistanced its rival in development. Norrköping, to which we shall now direct our attention is to-day



THE GÖTA CANAL AND A TRANQUIL LANDSCAPE

Östergötland's largest city, and ranks fourth in size within the kingdom. There it stands before us, surrounded by monuments, the record of 5000 years of proud and changing history. The origin of the city might well be sought in the royal demesne of the old kings and their dominions, which at the time of the early migrations made this the leading village of Östergötland. These royal gardens, with their waterfalls and fish ponds, came eventually to be taken over by the members of the Sverker dynasty. In medieval times the estate was for the most part merely an annex to one of the many cloisters which Sweden had founded, but with Gustaf Vasa's reduction of church property there was instigated a change. The little village under his patronage was given many privileges and rapidly grew to a city of great importance. In time Norrköping overcame every rival, receiving a new impetus under the reign of Gustavus Adolphus. Östergötland, far famed for rapid economic growth, is indebted chiefly to Norrköping and Bergslagen for their contributions during the years 1600-1700.

And if one asks for ancient monuments, is there to be found a single province in our land which can give a richer answer than Norrköping? Immediately outside the city there lies the holy mountain where our heathen forefathers sought to make atonement to their gods, and here in later years the gallows continued those grim sacrificial offerings of human life. In this place of atonement the holy spring yet

remains with the great roads which from all directions led hither.

Here too during recent years, the greatest rock carvings except those of Bohuslän have been discovered. In the midst of the upland as well as near the streams, where the strata of rock appear, one may view today these mystic symbols. What did the zealous carvers wish to portray with their sundials, their tree of life, their shepherd flocks. and ships of war? Doubtless they longed to bring rain and sunshine

for the growing crops, happiness and good fortune.

In beauty of scene no province in Central Sweden surpasses Bråviken, while in glamor which song and saga impart to a land it stands foremost among them all. Here nature is harsh, dark, and unfathomable, one is tempted to say masculine in temper. In aspect it suggests the face of a Viking, its visage stern and forbidding beneath a heavy helmet drawn low over the forehead. This helmet is formed by Kolmården's precipitous steeps, and the mighty forests of

fir and evergreen soften its swaying crest.

For many years scholars have studied the material of the saga of Bråvallaslag, and finally modern critics have evolved the theory, supported by traditions still extant, as well as by references to places and names of persons, that the celebrated Battle of Bravalla, the battle which "determined the Northland," occurred on this plain. And more than this: in a noteworthy treatise Thure Hederström has presented the results of his research in the background of the songs about Helge Hundingsbane, the most consummately beautiful and harmonious song in the Elder Edda. He showed that the names which appear in the legends, the names of Helge's birthplace, Brålund and his manor, Ringstad, are still borne in the present day by estates not far from Norrköping. Discoveries of modern archeologists tend more and more to substantiate his daring suggestions. Excavations have been undertaken and in one of the meadows of Ringstad a great courtyard, of the time of the early migrations, lies revealed; the foundations of the three great mead halls and the forge where swarthy slaves welded spear, shield, and battle armor.

No son of Sweden with a reverence for things historical can wander here without feeling that he is indeed on holy ground. If in addition to this he is also an Östergöting, his heart swells with pride over the thought that this is the land where Borghild gave birth to her son, Helge, about whom the Norns truly prophesied that he was to become "the greatest chief, foremost among men of renown;" where Sigryn, his beloved, in her frenzied sorrow over his death prepared her bridal bed by his side on the pyre; where the battle of Bravalla gathered together champion and amazons to conflict, while the bay teemed with colorful dragon-prowed ships; where also the proudest battle songs, the most beautiful love songs and the epic legends of the ancient

Nordic peoples have their origin.



SPÖTTRUP, A MEDIEVAL CASTLE

Danish Castles and Manor Houses

By PALLE ROSENKRANTZ

ENMARK was an inhabited land thousands of years before the Christian era, and prehistoric relics bear witness to life six or seven thousand years back; but our historic records and monuments date from but a few hundred years before the discovery of America. We have a few ruins of royal castles from the turbulent Middle Ages, and innumerable mounds and sites where we know there once stood forts, but we have preserved no manorial estates that date from before the end of the fourteenth century, and the only building now intact which bears any resemblance to a medieval castle, Spöttrup, in Jutland, is scarcely older in its present form than the year 1500.

The explanation is apparent. In ancient times and in the early Middle Ages the Danish people were a nation of peasants, and their kings but peasant chieftains. The land was covered with dense forest while rocks were scarce, and wood was the obvious building material, used even by the kings for their forts.

From the time of the Valdemars, in the twelfth century, the

nobility developed as a special warrior class. In the folk-songs from this time we hear of noble warriors battling for their kings, and we have descriptions of castles. These castles, too, were undoubtedly of wood. It was not, indeed, until the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries that men began to build with brick and stone.

Now all of these medieval castles have mouldered away to dust. Many of them were razed when the kings waxed in power in the fourteenth century. Not one of them is now standing, and even though the same names may be carried down through the centuries we cannot be sure that the new castles are located on the original sites.

It was not until the end of the fifteenth century that those manor houses which to this day give the Danish landscape its unique character, began to appear. Along the fertile east coast of Jutland, in southern Seeland, and above all on the lovely islands of Fyen and Lolland, we find even to-day estate after estate, splendid castles, with towers and thatched gables that mirror themselves in the shining lakes or the moats, and great white palaces in the style of Louis Quatorze, surrounded by shady groves and fertile fields, lovely forests of beech trees and smiling villages with churches which until a generation ago belonged to the owners of the castles and the manors.

Just a few years ago entail, which kept these estates in the old families, was abolished, and inside half a century the day of the manor will be gone forever. The farms will be broken up, and the manor houses will deteriorate or be torn down. Denmark can ill afford to lose this treasury of culture—the accumulation of centuries in furniture, silver, objects of art, and paintings that will be scattered as chaff before the wind. For through a period of five long centuries the manorial estates have been the repositories of Danish art and handiwork.

Let us then, with the hour of tribulation already upon us, cast a hasty glance at these noble and historic manors, and to secure a more definite impression, let us select half a score from the between six and seven hundred manors in Denmark, in order to study them as types

of historic monuments.

Spöttrup, in northern Jutland, is Denmark's only medieval castle, though in its present form it dates rather from the period of the Reformation. It was known to be in the possession of a noble as early as the fourteenth century, in the fifteenth it was sold to the Bishopric of Viborg, and at the time of the Reformation came into the hands of the Crown, only to pass later, to the possession of the nobility. It stands, with its dilapidated whitewashed walls, on barren land, without moat or rampart, and illustrates the type of the castle of the earliest nobility. Decayed as it is, without and within, it looks more like a medieval robber castle than any other Danish manor.

Spöttrup has no memorable history, no great names cling to its story. With its shabbily furnished hall, its towers, parapets, and watch galleries, it stands on a flat sandy stretch, a monument to a day when strife between lord and peasant was constant; a weather-beaten and rugged castle in a harsh landscape, distant and untouched by the passage of time and a changing society. To the initiated student it tells of a warrior nobility, who, arrayed in coat of mail and followed by armed vassals on horse, defended their country in the twilight of the Middle Ages.

Lovely Borreby, just outside of Skelskör, offers us a totally different picture, even though the old estate, originally, had much in common with Spöttrup. It is mentioned as a great manorial estate



THE STATELY MANOR OF BORREBY

as early as 1345, and was taken over by Roskilde Bishopric about 1400, at a time when the powerful Catholic clergy acquired a great part of the property of the nobility. At the time of the Reformation it fell to the Crown. and King Christian III gave it to his faihtful chancellor, Johan Friis. Here he built one of the first of those red Renaissance castles, that we now find scattered the length and breadth of the land.

Built under the shadow of civil war, it was a castle preeminently for defense, surrounded by deep moats, with parapets and loopholes, overhangs and bartizans,—a strong fort, indeed. It was the estate of a wealthy official at a time when the nobility were being transformed from a warrior class to an official class—members of the King's Council and Royal governors in the districts which were governed from the estates of the vassals.

Even now the ruins are many and curious. We ascend the winding stairs designed for defense, our footsteps echo along the long stone-paved corridors, and we peer into the musty rooms eloquent of legend and tradition. Here, in 1660, sat the alchemist of whom H. C. Andersen tells, here lived the great black dog with the glowing eyes as big as saucers, here the wind sang its song about "Valdemar Daa and his daughters." It was in castles such as Borreby that the old Danish nobility raised those monuments of red brick which to-day tell their countrymen of the heydey of the nobility, when the Kings of Denmark were but elected presidents of a republic of aristocrats, governed by a Council of the high nobility; of a time when the noble was a



ROSENHOLM, FAMOUS FOR THREE CENTURIES

Rosenholm, in eastern Jutland, the old manorial estate of the Rosenkrantz family, which has been in the possession of this family since 1563, is a newly established manor which Councilor Jörgen Rosenkrantz built on an islet in a lake. He too was an administrative official, and, after the death of Frederik II, one of the guardians of the ten year old Christian IV, and a governor in Jutland. Rosenholm was built on the site of an insignificant old estate. It has four wings and an imposing port tower with a spire. For three centuries its owners have played a prominent rôle in national affairs, and even under the rule of the absolute monarchs, when the power of the nobility was well-nigh broken, the owners of Rosenholm asserted and maintained their position of primacy.

About 1730 the interior was remodeled in dazzling rococo style by Councillor Ivar Rosenkrantz, with gilded furniture and Flemish tapestries with their typical patterns. To this day Rosenholm resembles an English manor, with its lovely park, its gleaming moats, and smiling fields. It serves as a link between the earlier manorial lords and the family of the landed proprietors whose head still occupies a prom-

inent position in Denmark as director of the National Bank and official representative of Danish agriculture. For centuries, indeed, the landed aristocracy has carried on the best traditions of Danish agriculture, in their pastures two or three hundred cows, and in the stable studs; and until the middle of the last century most of the Danish peasant farms were held in lease from these great estates. Previous to 1660 only the aristocracy could own manors, and three-fourths of the Danish manorial estates were acquired and consolidated in the sixteenth century. In this century, too, most of the lovely red Renaissance castles were erected by 250 or 300 titled families, the highest nobility of the realm.

Of all Renaissance castles Egeskov, in southern Fyen, is the most picturesque. Whereas Germany, France, Italy, and Switzerland have their castles perched in mountain fastnesses and commanding magnificent views far out over the land, the Danish castles are situated in lakes and moors and surrounded with water. They rest upon piles, and the water of the moats laps up against the heavy rock foundations. Egeskov is built in Holstein style, with two parallel wings which are of equal length and present two red ridges of roof; it is

embellished with imposing round towers and rises sheer from the midst of the shining waters. It was erected in the year 1554 by the mighty Privy Councilor, Frans Brockenhuus. It was his daughter, Rigborg, who had the unhappy love affair with Frederik Rosenkrantz, a young noble who was present in Edinburgh at the wedding of James VI to the sister of Christian IV, and who later, with his friend Knud Gyldenstjerne, joined the court of Elizabeth at London. Both Rosenkrantz and Gyldenstjerne became characters in Shakespeare's immortal Hamlet. was after the return to



EGESKOV, A CASTLE OF THE NORTHERN RENAISSANCE



BRAHETROLLEBORG, FOUNDED BY MONKS OF CLAIRVAUX

Denmark that the tragedy occurred. Rosenkrantz was condemned to death, but managed to escape from the country. Rigborg Brockenhuus was literally immured in a tower at Egeskov. She was fed through a hole in the wall, and kept a prisoner as long as her stern father lived. To this day a doll, supposed to represent the unhappy maiden, is preserved at Egeskov; when it disappears the castle will be swallowed up by the waters. This, to be sure, may be legend, but the melancholy story of Rigborg is true enough, and Shakespeare's Rosenkrantz died as a youth in exile in Prague, where his grave is still pointed out in the splendid Teyn church.

For several centuries, now, Egeskov has been in the possession of the Billé family. It is the center of a fertile and extensive estate, and its collection of paintings one of the finest in the country. It is numbered, as we have seen, among the most picturesque of the castles of the nobility—a genuine example of the Northern Renaissance.

In Brahetrolleborg, not far from Egeskov, we have a new type of the Danish manorial estate—a great and wealthy monastery which at the time of the Reformation fell to the Crown and was sold to some wealthy noble. Brahetrolleborg is an old Cistercian monastery, founded in 1172 by monks from Clairveaux under the name insula

dei. The great Holstein family, Rantzau, owned it in the sixteenth century and transformed it into a manorial estate. About 1660 it belonged to the dashing young noble, Kai Lykke, about whom contemporaries sang:

And every maiden prayed from her virgin heart That handsome Kai Lykke would pay her court.

When Frederik III became an absolute monarch, and the power of the proud nobility was crushed after the unhappy war with Sweden, Kai Lykke was one of the first victims. In 1661 he was charged with having affronted Queen Sofia Amalia and condemned to death, but managed to escape. A wax effigy, dressed in his wig and cloths, was executed just outside the palace in Copenhagen, and the wax head placed upon a pike. For twenty years the luckless Kai Lykke wandered an exile from land to land, poor and unknown, and not until the death of the ambitious queen did he turn homeward to die at last on the estate of his wife, Ollegaard Gyldenstjerne, at the ripe old age of almost an hundred.

The eight extensive manors which Kai Lykke had held, the King confiscated and sold to the foreign adventurers who now, under the new régime, supplanted the old nobility. In the course of half a century almost one-half of the old manorial estates came into the hands of the Danish bourgeoisie or of parvenu German nobles, and the absolute monarch instituted the distinctions of Baron and Count to lend lustre to the court. Brahetrolleborg was one of these new feudal manors, a barony which quickly passed into the hands of a brother of the King's mistress and subsequent wife, Queen Anna Sofie Reventlow. To this day the Reventlow family own Brahetrolleborg. For over two centuries this remarkable family has pioneered in agriculture, education, and conservation, and Brahetrolleborg has been a center for those great reforms which resulted in the abolition of serfdom, the reformation of the common school system, and the creation of that large and able farmer class that is responsible for Denmark's agricultural preeminence to-day. Poets, too, as Baggesen and Oehlenschläger enjoyed here the hospitality of the lovely old monastic castle, surrounded by its superb park, and with its old monastic church and finely restored cloisters. Like others of the old estates, it houses one of the finest art collections in Denmark.

to

us

a

ed.

e-

up

oly

ed

in

of

nd

m-

of

ich

me

ry, ula Side by side with the portrait of the luckless Kai Lykke hangs a picture of the unfortunate Queen Anna Sofia; she was imprisoned in Clansholm castle, in Jutland, one of the possessions of the Reventlow family, and there she died. But in the course of time no less than two baronies, a county, and two entails were united with Brahetrolleborg—a tremendous estate, spreading over all of the provinces of the kingdom, and still in the possession of the last Count Reventlow of Brahetrolleborg.

Gaunö, in southern Sjælland, is another old convent—a Dominican numery, established by Denmark's most illustrious Queen, Margrethe, about the year 1400. After the Reformation it became a manor, extensive and smiling, lying on a fertile island at the mouth of the river Sus. After the establishment of the absolute monarchy it continued in the possession of the nobility, and in the eighteenth century was greatly enlarged by Councilor Otto Thott, who remodeled it into a magnificent white palace, the largest private house in Denmark. The walls are old and weatherbeaten, and the towers demolished, as was the custom in the rococo age, and the Gaunö of to-day is a type of the old manor house, modernized, with the windows heightened, the galleries broadened, and three floors of splendidly appointed rococo rooms.

About 1800 the barony of Gaunö came into the hands of the family of Reedtz Thott, and for a period of 125 years had only two owners. The last Tage Reedtz Thott was one of Denmark's most eminent men, Councillor of State and Knight of the Elephant. During his occupancy of almost seventy years, Gaunö was filled with lovely furniture, objects of art, and paintings, thus carrying on the artistic traditions already established by Otto Thott who collected art and books to the number of 120,000. At the present time Gaunö possesses unquestionably the largest private collection of domestic art of the rococo period to be found in Denmark. The great white palace is a beautiful sight, with its blue-black roof that gleams in the sunlight and mirrors itself in the sparkling waters of the broad bay. The park around Gauno boasts one of the most extensive private forests in the country. The entire manor includes no less than seven large estates with spacious woods, and until eighty years ago, a group of lovely little country churches which have now passed under the control

of the inhabitants of the parishes and the State.

Of all the manorial estates of Denmark none is more lovely than that which surrounds Bregentved—a glorious manor in southern Sjælland, erected as late as 1891, a type of the modern palace, erected by modern palace, erected by modern architects, large and wholly up to date, but adapted nevertheless to



BREGENTVED

the old rococo style. As was to be expected, many of the old Danish manors were rebuilt in the course of the last century, but unfortunately Danish architects between 1800 and 1870 were veritable vandals, and many of the great manors which were constructed in this period are eyesores. In many places the old beauty has been destroyed; the buildings lack style, they are prosaic and banal. It was not until as late as 1890 that our architects learned to build, and that which has been produced in the last thirty years — Bregentved included—is in irreproachable taste. But much that was beautiful and

fine has been sacrified in the course of the century.

d

t

ic

d

es

ne

a

ht

·k

he

ly

ol

As a manor Bregentved is a special type. There are records of it as early as 1400; under the rule of the aristocracy it was a feudal estate which belonged at one time to Anna Hardenberg, the first love of Frederik II and the heroine of one of the most romantic and exquisite of Danish love stories. And at a later time it belonged to the unfortunate Kai Lykke. On his fall, it came into the possession of the King, changed hands, and was used for a time as a cavalry barracks, until Frederik V sold it to his only boyhood friend, Adam Gottlieb Moltke. Moltke then became Count of Bregentved, Denmark's largest county, and through royal generosity acquired no less than twelve large estates with extensive tracts of forests, peasant villages, and churches. The Moltke family has nobly discharged its great responsibility, and as Sjælland's largest land owners spread happiness and prosperity over a large region where they are loved and respected by the inhabitants.

Bregentved is a manorial estate created by the will of an absolute monarch for a new court nobility who were to replace the ungovernable warrior nobles of a feudal age, and as such it supplements our examples of manorial types. For Danish agriculture and forestry Bregentved has been a center of progress for a century and a half. Here innovations have been welcomed and experiments carried on and the results given to the country by rich proprietors, five in all, who have been lords of Bregentved. As statesmen, too, the Moltkes served with eminent satisfaction at a time when the aristocracy were leaders in the government of the state. And at Bregentved, Hans Christian

Andersen composed some of the loveliest of his fairy tales.

As a final type of the Danish manor we can notice Ledreborg, at Lejre near Roskilde. It is one of Denmark's youngest manorial estates, though the town of Lejre was a royal town in the dark ages when Hroar and Helge and Rolf Krake held court with their camp followers. But it was not until 1663 that the manor was established and the castle built by that adventurer, the bourgeoise Chancellor of the Exchequer, Henrik Möller, Denmark's first merchant prince. In 1734 it was acquired by the Holsteiner, Johan Ludvig Holstein, an able and loyal man who became the favorite and minister of the



THE MANOR HOUSE OF LEDREBORG

pious King Christian VI. Here he built a beautiful rococo palace, the present Ledreborg, on a hill by the edge of "Herthadal."

The manor is not large, but the location is peculiarly enchanting, and the house, appointed in the finest rococo elegance,—a typical eighteenth century palace. Here is housed a splendid collection of paintings, books and manuscripts. And Ledreborg boasts its houseghost, too, whom the author himself has been lucky enough to meet. According to legend, a Countess Holstein strangled her lady-in-waiting in one of the apartments of the palace, and every year on the night of the foul deed—the 29th of November—the Countess makes her appearance, and woe to him who is in the death chamber. He will surely be strangled by the ghost. The author was lodged in this room, one dark night, when the palace was full of hunting guests. He had been thoughtful enough to put the date, the 29th of January, in a prominent place above the bed in order that the ghost might not make a mistake and strangle him by accident. Night came, and with it the ghost; the author lay there and stared with great round eyes, but the ghost read the date and did him no harm. Even the ghosts of the Danish nobility have a certain tact and breeding. God forbid that in fifty years they will be the only representatives of the old Danish aristocracy among the ruins of the manorial estates!

Photographs by Kr. Hude

CURRENT EVENTS



ç, il

nt

y

1e

n

nt

ζe

ne

ng

The presence of President Coolidge at the Sixth International Congress of

American States, at Havana, proved an occasion which is believed to have brought about a better understanding between the twenty-one republics of this hemisphere. The President's address was throughout a bid for amity, and was hailed as coming just at the right time by the delegates from Latin America. ¶Following the departure of the President, Charles Evans Hughes, head of the American delegation to the Conference, delivered an address before the American Chamber of Commerce of Havana in which the former Secretary of State said to critics of the United States' policy in Nicaragua that the American marines would leave that country at the earliest possible opportunity. ¶As the time approaches for the holding of the Republican National Convention in Kansas City, more prospective candidates for the nomination for the Presidency are entering the field. Besides the organization of a Hoover-for-President Association in New York City, announcement is made that the Wisconsin Republican party will go to the convention lined up for Senator Norris of Nebraska. The so-called radical wing of the party in Wisconsin is headed by Senator La Follette and former Governor Blaine. ¶With the city of Houston, Texas, chosen for the Democratic National Convention, a concerted effort is evident in Democratic circles to advance the candidacy of Governor Smith of New York. The annual message of Governor Smith on the progress of the New York commonwealth is also believed to have a decided bearing on his nomination. ¶Under the leadership of Senator Borah a Progressive-Democratic block is anticipated for the government's navy plans, as sponsored by Secretary Wilbur. The latter, however, in an address at Boston declared that the \$740,000,000 building program in no wise meant to be an attempt to compete with any other naval power. The plan calls for 43 additional cruisers, besides submarines and air-¶ According to an announcecraft. ment from President Garfield of Williams College the forthcoming Institute of Politics at Williamstown, Mass., will deal with the Presidential campaign, and farm relief. ¶ J. P. Morgan, head of the banking house of J. P. Morgan & Company since 1913, was elected chairman of the United States Steel Corporation in succession to the late Judge Gary. The death of Major General George Washington Goethals called forth tributes to the great work accomplished by the builder of the Panama Canal, who was also the first Civil Governor of the Panama Canal Zone.



NORWAY

The new Storting assembled on January 11, and elected Mr. C. J. Hambro,

Conservative, President, and Mr. Hornsrud, Labor Party, Vice President. The Odelsting (the Lower House) elected Mr. Aarstad, Radical Left, President and Mr. Bergersen, Labor Party, Vice President. In the Lagting (the Upper House) Mr. Thune of the Farmers' Party and Mr. Nygaardsvold of the Labor Party were elected President and Vice President respectively. The Labor Party thus obtained three Vice Presidents by the support of the Radical Left. The tercentenary of the Norwegian army was celebrated in the middle of January by a big parade at Akershus, the old fortress at Oslo. King Haakon made a speech, pointing out the important rôle which the army had played not only by defending Norway against its enemies in the 17th, 18th, and 19th centuries, but also by contributing to the renascence of the national feeling in Norway and thereby preparing Norway's complete liberation from foreign domination. The General in Chief of the Army received congratulatory telegrams from the King of Denmark and from the General in Chief of the Finnish Army, The Swedish and Danish Governments presented their felicitations through their Ministers at Oslo. Much interest has been aroused by the annexation by Norway of the Bouvet Island in the Antarctic ocean. The island was discovered by the French explorer Bouvet in 1739, but has been a "no man's land" till it was occupied by the "Norvegia" expedition in December and annexed by the Norwegian Government. The island will now be used as a centre for sealing and whaling by a company headed by Mr. Lars Christensen, Sandefjord. It was Mr. Christensen who financed the "Norvegia" expedition. ¶ Norsk Hydro, the big nitrate concern, with works at Rjukan and Notodden, has decided to establish a new plant at Heröva in the neighborhood of Porsgrund. The new plant will mean a considerable increase of the exportation of nitrate from Norway. The exportation at present amounts to about twenty million kroner per year, but is expected to rise to about fifty million. The estimates for the financial year 1928-1929 which were submitted to the Storting by the Government amount to 413 million kroner, a decrease of 43 million compared to the previous budget. The Government proposes a reduction of the income tax by ten per cent. and abolition of the very unpopular restaurant tax. ¶At the end of January, Norway's first Labor government came into power by a dramatic decision of King

Haakon and amid prophecies of a short régime and a few noticeably nervous reactions in the body politic. The new Ministry headed by Chr. Hornsrud, who was both Prime Minister and Minister of Finance, was composed of moderate socialists and representatives of the extreme Left, all recognized as men of ability. The programme announced to the Storting forecast socialization of state and industry, revocation of laws of restraint on labor, reduction of armament, increased taxation on wealth, and new land laws.



SWEDEN The 1928 Riksdag, the

The 1928 Riksdag, the last session with the present membership, for there

are to be elections in the autumn, convened at the usual time in the middle of January. At the solemn opening ceremonies, the King's grandson, the eldest son of the Crown Prince, took the oath of allegiance, as duke of Uppland, according to the ancient custom. The state budget which was presented to the Riksdag met with a very favorable reception. It foretokens both a tax reduction and a lowering of the freight rates of the state railways, which signifies a considerable alleviation of living expenses. The budget amounts to 734 million kronor which is nearly a 23 million kronor increase compared to last year. The added expenses are apportioned quite evenly in various disbursements, and the heralded diminution of expenditures, which was to follow on the reduction of armaments, will continue to be postponed. The budget for armament is 24 million kronor higher than estimated for this fiscal year. On the whole there is to be seen an allpervading economy of new grants, and since appreciably larger revenues may be expected from the improved state of trade, the minister of finance proposes a tax reduction of about 9 million kronor, reduction of railway rates amounting to 10 million, and besides this a lowering of the tax on sugar. Over 18 million kronor nothwithstanding have been set aside to pay off on the national debt. At the debate on the budget when the Riksdag had its first encounter with the Government, the Government was hard pressed from two quarters naturally, namely from the right wing and the Socialists, but it easily held its own by maintaining a middle ground. The right Trygger representatives, Lindman, criticized the failure of armaments, the party leaders of the Social-Democrats, Hanson and Möller, criticized the social reform politics. One had a general impression that the respective orators were speaking with the autumn ¶During the first campaign in view. weeks of the year there have been two serious and extensive labor conflicts disturbing the industrial peace of the coun-After some fruitless conferences on the question of wages, workers in the wood pulp industries at the New Year were declared to be in lockout, and in the mining industries the workers struck.



P.-

10

of

x-

of

to

of

of

a-

nd

he

-20

ere

n-

of

re-

est

th

ac-

he

the

re-

uc-

tes

a

ex-

nil-

ion

ar.

ned

nts,

ndi-

re-

to

ent

sti-

ole

eon-

eci-

eted

the

re-

re-

DENMARK

¶Speaking before the Association of Journalists, Premier Madsen - Mygdal

called attention to a number of governmental problems that at the present time are occupying the country. He emphasized that in his opinion the economic questions far outweighed the political, and that the industrial situation still required the most earnest consideration. The inter-relation of the three Scandinavian countries is once more being brought to the fore with the suggestion in certain influential circles that the "Scandia major" proposition of the Scandinavian press gathering at Malmö last year be made a fact. The question of a greater Scandinavia is therefore once more being considered a possibility, although as yet the three governments are proceding with great caution lest international complications should follow any special effort to cooperate politically, ¶Copenhagen's Municipal Voting Association at a recent meeting elected Director Chr. H. Oleson chairman. This association calls itself modern conservative, and includes many representative business and professional men. Writing in Berlingske Tidende, Baron Schaffalitzky de Muckadell rises to the defense of those who desire to see Denmark fully equipped for self-defense in any eventuality that might occur. The writer takes the position that the Social Democrats are not looking sufficiently to the interests of the country in advocating disarmament. But he is encouraged by the fact, he says, that the present government is more kindly inclined to adequate defense preparations. The Folketing has had under consideration extensive plans for the national museums of Denmark to provide better housing and greater safety for the national treasures. The question of better facilities for inspecting the museums is also being considered. ¶According to the census of July, 1927. Denmark has a population of 3,475,000. The increase of 23,000 persons over the preceding year is considerably less than in the years immediately preceding 1926. "Great interest was taken in the Icelandic Exhibition of art works and industrial articles. For the first time residents of Copenhagen were enabled to see what is taking place in a cultural and economic development in the sister nation in the North Sea. ¶As evidence of the growth in importance of the International High School at Elsinore, three American universities are to send professors to Denmark to lecture at the High School the coming summer; Prof. E. C. Lindeman the School of Social Work, New York, Prof. Bowman of Columbia University, and Prof. John R. Barton, of Yale.

THE AMERICAN SCANDINAVIAN FOUNDATION

For better intellectual relations between the American and Scandinavian peoples, by means of an exchange of students, publications, and a Bureau of Information

ESTABLISHED BY NIELS POULSON, IN 1911

Officers: President, Henry Goddard Leach; Vice presidents, John G. Bergquist, John A. Gade, and William Hovgaard; Treasurer, H. Esk. Moller; Secretary, James Creese; Literary Secretary and Editor of the Review, Hanna Astrup Larsen; Counsel, Henry E. Almberg; Auditors, David Elder & Co.

Government Advisory Committees: Danish—A. P. Weis, Chief of the Department of the Ministry of Education, Chairman; Norwegian—K. J. Hougen, Chief of the Department of Church and Education, Chairman. The Swedish Government is represented in the Swedish American Foundation (below).

Co-operating Bodies: Sweden—Sverige-Amerika Stiftelsen, Grevturegatan 24-A, Stockholm, Ira Nelson Morris, Honorary President; J. P. Seeburg, Honorary, Vice-President; Eva Fröberg, Secretary; Denmark—Danmarks Amerikanske Selskab, M. I. T. C. Clan, President; N. Feilberg, Secretary, Vestre Boulevard 18, Copenhagen; Norway—Norge-Amerika Fondet, Lille Strandgade 1, Oslo, K. J. Hougen, Chairman; Arne Kildal, Secretary.

Associates: All who are in sympathy with the aims of the Foundation are invited to become Associates. Regular Associates, paying \$3.00 annually, receive the Review. Sustaining Associates; paying \$10.00 annually, receive the Review and Classics. Life Associates, paying \$200.00 once for all, receive all publications.

Our Fellow in Greenland

Rotogravure sections of the metropolitan dailies have published lately many photographs of the American expedition which, under the leadership of Professor W. H. Hobbs of the University of Michigan, went to Greenland last summer, and in these photographs we identify the botanist of the party, Carl O. Erlanson, the first Fellow of the Foundation to visit Greenland. It was early last June that Erlanson and the other scientists of the expedition sailed from Copenhagen on the Danish motor-ship Disko; first consulting with Knud Rasmussen, Peter Freuchen, and other experts, and then undergoing the strict medical tests which prevent the entrance into Greenland of diseases from which the natives have no immunity. They touched first after a voyage of eleven days at Godthaab. Cruising then along the coast, our Fellow began assembling his data of Greenland vegetation, until early in July they came to the mouth of Söndre Strömfjord up which this steamer made its way for 120 miles to the point where the Expedition's winter hut was to be built. In August they moved toward the inland ice at the edge of which Erlanson for a month hunted out his specimens. But at the end of August he embarked again for Disko Island where Magister Morten Porsild, Director of the Danish Arctic Station, installed him in his library and herbarium.

At the Bookstores

Fifteen years ago when the Foundation first assumed the functions of a publishing house and initiated the series of SCANDINAVIAN CLASSICS with a translation of Holberg's Comedies, there were comparatively few Scandinavian writers whose names were known to the American public, and American publishers found no great market here for books that had extensive audiences even beyond the Scandinavian borders in Europe. All this has changed. Several Scandinavian authors may be listed with the writers whose works sell best in America to-day. To a considerable measure this can be attributed to the pioneer work of the Foundation. Meanwhile the Foundation has continued to publish books and these have been received so favorably that the Trustees have been more and more of the

opinion that some agency was desirable to assure the books of the Foundation general distribution through the ordinary channels of the book trade, the local retail book stores. By agreement with W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., publishers, of New York, the traveling agents of that company will hereafter canvas the book stores in behalf of the Scandinavian Classics and Monographs; and trade editions of the books, beginning with our Introductions to Modern Norwegian, Swedish, and Danish Fiction will be issued over the joint signatures of that company and the Foundation.

Icelandic Honors

at

'n

en

ic

nd

a-

b-

of

a-

re

ers

ri-

ers

ks

nd

All

an

ers

ay.

be

the

ion

ese

the

the

The President of the Foundation, Henry Goddard Leach, has had conferred upon him by the government of Iceland the Cross of the Order of the White Falcon. Dr. Leach was for nine years, from 1912 to 1921, Secretary of the Foundation, and he has long been identified with Icelandic scholarship in the United States. The decoration also was conferred upon Professor Knut Gjerset of Luther College, author of The History of Iceland; J. Bunford Samuel of Philadelphia, through whose efforts the statue of Tjorfinn Karlsefni by Einar Jonsson was erected in Fairmont Park; and Miss Thorstina S. Jackson of New York, writer and lecturer on Icelandic subjects. The Order of the White Falcon was created by King Christian at the time of his visit to Iceland in 1918.

Club Night

The Norwegian writer and lecturer, Theo. Findahl, who wrote our recent article on Vestfold, was the guest of honor and speaker at the January Club Night of the New York Chapter held, for the first time, in the spacious Butterfly Room of the Hotel Pennsylvania. Carl Friberg sang delightfully a number of Scandinavian folk songs. Mrs. Harry de Brun and Mrs. R. M. Michelsen were the hostesses.

NORTHERN LIGHTS



MINISTER BACHKE

New Norwegian Minister

The new Norwegian Minister Washington, Halvard Huitfeldt Bachke was born in Trondhjem in 1873. He graduated in law at Oslo University in 1897 and entered the consular as secretary to the sulate at Antwerp. From 1902 to 1909 he served in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, where he rose to the position of Secretary General. He was counselor to the Norwegian Legation at Paris from 1910 to 1917 and occupied a similar post at Berlin from 1917 to 1919 when he was appointed to Buenos Aires. 1922 he was called home to preside over the commission which had been appointed to elaborate new instructions for the foreign service. Since 1924 he has been Minister to Helsingfors. He is considered one of the ablest diplomats of Norway. His wife is the daughter of the wellknown shipowner, Thoresen.

CHRISTIAN IV

The Life Story of the Warrior King of Norway and Denmark

By John A. Gade

Christian the Fourth believed in fighting until the last gun was fired and the last man killed. In the period of the Thirty Years War he made the name of his little Scandinavian kingdom one to conjure with. His life story ranks among the most exciting biographies in history, for Mr. Gade has preserved the man's boyish passions, his dynamic force, and his human failings. It is a book that every reader of The American-Scandinavian Review should own. Illus., \$5.00.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

Two New Rectors

The new rector of the University of Oslo, chosen by vote of the faculty, Professor Sem Sæland, has been professor of physics at the University since 1922, having been previously rector for several years at the Norwegian Technical Institute at Trondhjem. He also represented Trondhjem in the Storting.

In Copenhagen also a new rector of the University has been elected to serve, as is the custom at that University, one year. Dr. Martin Knudsen has been professor of physics at Copenhagen since 1912, and has been head of the Danish Hydrographic Institute, secretary of the Scientific Academy, and an officer of various other scientific associations.

The Shaw Foundation

The directors of the fund established by George Bernard Shaw with the proceeds of the Nobel Prize have announced in London that six of Strindberg's best known plays are now being translated and will be ready for publication at an early date. These are: Easter, The Dream Play, Swanwhite, Playing with Fire, The Father, and The Spook Sonata. Other plays by Strindberg are under consideration as well as two books by Selma Lagerlöf, and a collection of the works of Swedish poets. The Foundation has contributed funds for the production of Strindberg's plays in London and also underwrote a Milles exhibition.

Danish-American History

Various aspects of the lives of Danes in America are shown in Dansk-Amerikansk Historie by Thomas P. Christensen, Ph. D. In two chapters, preceded by brief historical reviews of the diplomatic relations between the countries and the earliest explorations, he gives an account of Danish immigration before and after 1850. Other chapters describe the Danish colonies, churches, societies, and schools in the United States, and other Danish colonizations.